1. *K.* Leade couragiour Coſin.
1.2. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noiſe within crying, run, ſave hold: Enter in haſt a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haſte.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curſed haſt you made
If you have done ſo quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.
Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe? How doe things fare?
Pir. Ariſe great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are moſt early ſweet, and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wakt us from our dreame?
Pir. Liſt then: your Coſen
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white, which ſome will ſay
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodneſſe with this note: Which ſuperſtition
Heere findes allowance: On this horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the ſtones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horſe
Would make his length a mile, if't pleaſ'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Muſicke
His owne hoofes made; (for as they ſay from iron
Came Muſickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poſſeſt
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke
Or what feirce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horſe, hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets ſchoole dooing, being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the ſharpe Rowell, which
Then any jot obaies; ſeekes
Of boyſtrous and rough Iadr
His Lord, that kept it bravel
When neither Curb would
Diſ-roote his Rider whence
He kept him tweene his legg

That *Arcites* leggs being hig
Seem'd with ſtrange art to h
Even then fell off his head:
Backeward the Iade comes
Becomes the Riders loade:
But ſuch a veſſell tis, that flo
The ſurge that next approac
To have ſome ſpeech with y

Enter Theſeus, Hipol

Pal. O miſerable end of
The gods are mightie *Arci*
Thy worthie, manly heart b
Give me thy laſt words, I a
One that yet loves thee dyi
Arc. Take *Emilia*
And with her, all the worlds
Farewell: I have told my la
Yet never treacherous: For
One kiſſe from faire *Emilia*
Take her: I die.
Pal. Thy brave ſoule ſ
Emil. Ile cloſe thine ey
Thou art a right good man,
This day I give to teares.
Pal. And I to honour.
Theſ. In this place firſt
I ſundred you, acknowledg
Our thankes that you are li
His part is play'd, and thou
He did it well: your day i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY